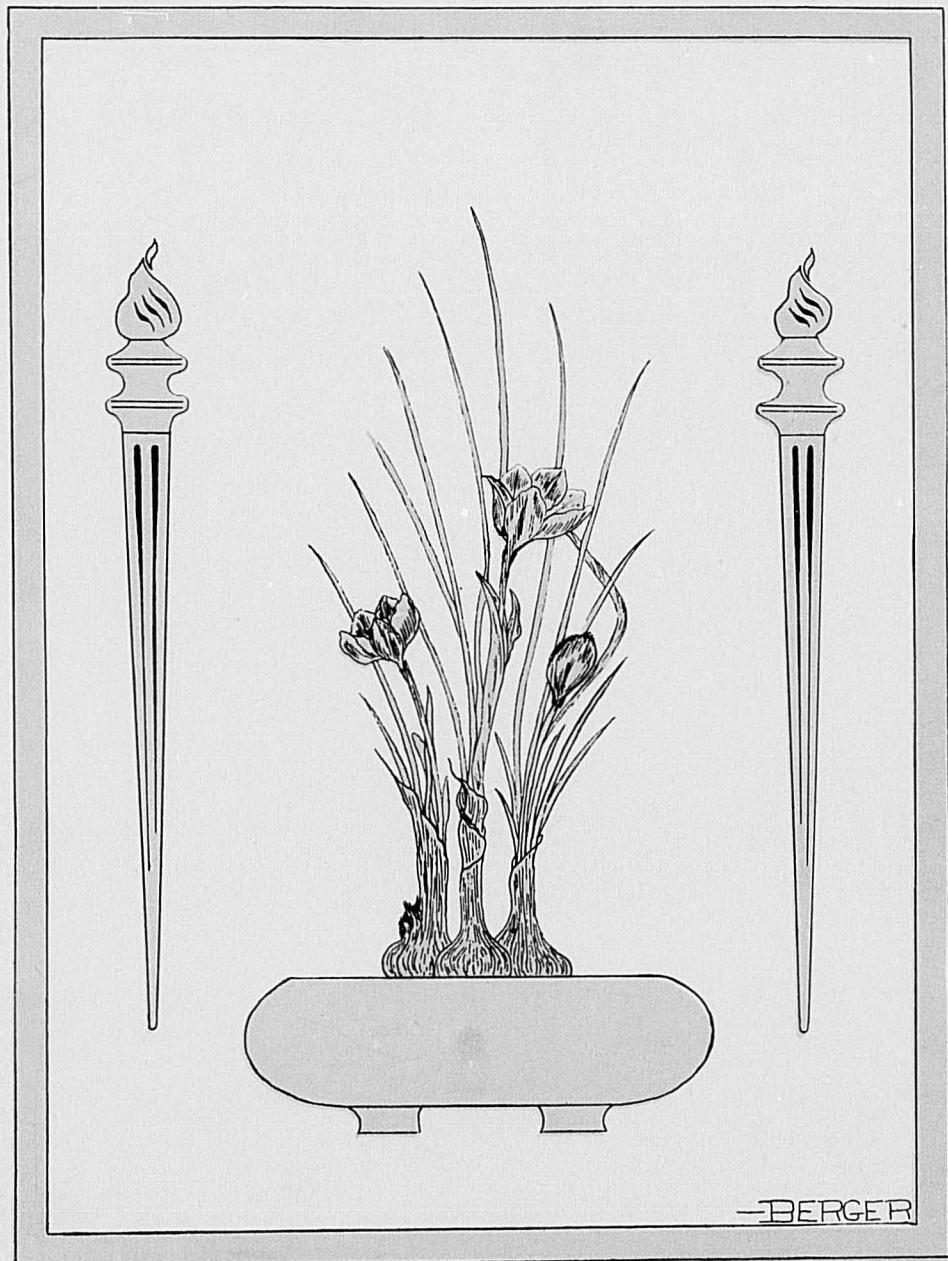


THE GLEAM



—BERGER

WINDMOOR



The Gleam

Vol. 1

Windmoor, Kansas City, Mo., April, 1923

No. 3

At Benediction

DA ROBUR, fer auxilium!
Dear Lord we lay our bur-
dens at Thy feet.
Thou art the Mind to know,
the Will to do!
Resolve the tangled mass called life,
And let the light of faith shine
through.

Da robur, fer auxilium!
Cowed in the dust the great world lies,
Self-sick unto satiety,
Mad with the havoc pride hath
wrought.
Nor turns for solace unto Thee.

Da robur, fer auxilium!
O gracious Christ, with Thee we
plead!
Thy thorn-crowned Head, Thy sword-
pierced Side
Are warranty that not in vain
The sons of men to Thee have cried
Da robur, fer auxilium.*

*Give strength, bring aid.

Chronicle

February 8—The Chemistry Class visited the Kansas City Corn Products plant of North Kansas City. Mr. E. H. Cheesman explained the process from the time the grain is unloaded until the finished products are canned, labeled, and ready for shipment. The conversion of the starch into glucose proved a most interesting point in the process to the chemistry students. Glucose, masola oil, starch, syrup, and several grades of cattle-feed are among the products of the plant. The students were permitted to visit the Chemistry Laboratory where samples from the various departments are tested. Altogether it was one of the most profitable and entertaining expedition of the year.

February 9—The Reverend Frederick Siedenburg, S. J., delivered an address to the faculty and students. Father Siedenburg's visits are always an event at St. Teresa's, and the students need no second request to assemble in the study-hall. On this occasion Father spoke on "The Civic Duty of Woman," and touched on a number of vital problems.

February 22—Washington's Birthday was observed as a holiday. The dining-room was prettily decorated in the national colors, and an unusually good dinner made the boarders feel that life is not all sorrow after all.

March 1.—Mr. Harold A. Loring, pianist, gave an interpretative program of Indian music in the Auditorium. Mr. Loring was assisted by Mr. David Blackhoop, a full-blood Sioux Indian, who has made a close study of Indian music. Some of the quaint Indian customs were demonstrated, and a number of Indian legends related.

March 6—Mother Mary Pius and Sister M. Florentier returned from Cleveland where they attended the meeting of the American Association of Junior Colleges, and the Department of Deans of Women's Colleges of the N. E. A. Mother says she came back with her ideas of Deauville scarfs and earrings re-inforced. Too bad!

March 9.—Reverend E. F. Garesche, S. J., entertained the students with an interesting talk, the subject of which was "My Visit to Europe." The speaker gave a vivid description of the splendor and beauty of the large cities of Europe. "Rome is beyond description" he said. The account of the various phases of Catholic life in Europe, especially of the Sodalities of Our Blessed Mother, were impressive.

March 17—St. Patrick's Day. We began the celebration the night before by listening in on a very fine program of Irish music. We were especially interested in this program as two of the former students of St. Teresa's, Miss Marie and Miss Pauline Altman contributed. All afternoon the dining-room was screened from view, and when we entered that evening, what a scene of beauty greeted us. The tables were arranged in a huge octagon, each one festooned with dainty shamrocks. Pretty hand-painted place cards added to the decorations, and a delicious dinner was served. We thank the Sisters who helped to make the evening a happy one for us.

March 19—St. Joseph's Day. This is the patronal feast of our teachers and so a free day. A High Mass, beautifully sung by the student-choir, began the day aright. The feast this year was of especial interest because it commemorated the Silver Jubilee of

Sister Peter Claver, a member of the faculty. On the same day at the Mother-House of the Sisters of St. Joseph in St. Louis, Miss Catherine Sullivan, a graduate of the Class of '22 received the habit of the Sisters of St. Joseph. Miss Sullivan will be known in religion as Sister Mary Huberta. Our congratulations, Catherine, and may you live to celebrate your Golden Jubilee.

March 25—The annual retreat, conducted by the Reverend Edward Dockery, C.Ss.R. began. The three days of prayer passed quickly, and on Holy Thursday the students left for Easter vacation.

A feature of the retreat was the beautiful ceremony of Consecration to our Blessed Mother which took place the evening before retreat closed. Father Dockery spoke in an appealing manner of the wonderful gifts of our Blessed Mother, of her virtues, and urged the students to be close imitators of her. He besought each one to be faithful to night and morning prayers, to frequent the sacraments, and to reverence their parent. As usual, a number of former students of the school came back for retreat.

St. Teresa's Becomes a Member of the North Central Association

St. Teresa's applied for membership in the North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools, and on March 19 the following message addressed to the head of the school was received: "It may interest you to know that at a meeting of the North Central Association held in Chicago, March 17, your school was placed on the accredited list. Congratulations."

(Signed) J. D. ELLIFF.

The North Central Association is the highest accrediting agency in the United States, and its approval stamps a school as being in the first rank of education institutions. It means that certain very rigid conditions as to sanitation, library and laboratory equipment, preparation of teachers, and school spirit, have been met. It is an onward step in the progress of St. Teresa's, and one that will mean much to the students. It should arouse in every student a resolve for stronger effort, and a greater appreciation of the opportunities offered.

The Gleam

Published quarterly by the students of the St. Teresa Junior College and Academy, Windmoor, 57th and Main Sts., Kansas City, Mo.

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Editorial

You can see it coming from afar, then you notice its effects. First one has it, then we all have it, for it's highly infectious. Spring fever. You begin to wonder how the porch boxes and the awnings will look and how it will feel to sit in the porch swing in the evening. Then the first thing you know you get sort of drowsy over your lessons, and you have it.

Freshmen, you oughtn't to be troubled with the malady at all. You ought to pass by a robin or some green grass with utmost composure. You haven't pored over Latin long enough to become susceptible to such things.

Um, let's see, Sophomores are next, aren't they? Well, Sophomores, if you give that Geometry a few more hard digs, and keep it up, you'll surely get there.

Your turn, Juniors. You only have fifty some more days to dig at that Cicero, keep up your pep. Don't let Springmania get a hold.

Come on, Seniors, you're almost there. What's the use of slowing down now. Don't get rusty. You may need some lubricating oil but you're all right if you just keep on.

The College Girls are veterans in the warding off of the annual disease. They can say, "Satan, get thee behind me" and never blink an eyelash.

Er—by the way, wonder if—say, do you suppose I ought to have pansies or little, tiny roses on that new taffeta hat?

Alumnae Notes

The course in Parliamentary Law under the direction of Mrs. Longan is well under way. Sessions are held on Tuesday from 7 to 8:30 p. m. in the Academy Assembly Hall.

New appointments to office in the organization have been recorded as follows: Miss Carmelita Rourke, Treasurer; Miss Ruth Flater, Recording Secretary. For the City Circle, Mrs. Lynch has been appointed member of the Advisory Committee; Delegate to City Circle, Miss Madeline Schaefer; Alternate, Mrs. Sanders. The first meeting of the City Circle was held at the Kansas City Club, March 10. At that meeting the By-Laws were made and the election of officers took place.

Alumnae Basket Ball will start the first week after Easter. "Let's all pep up and show the students what we are made of and come out to win" is the characteristic attitude of the newly organized team of o'd favorite players.

Bridge-Luncheon will take place April 14 at the Kansas City Club. The hostesses are Elizabeth Burnett, Teresa Crowe, Hortense Miller, Mary McLiney, Josephine McCarthy, Margaret Noonan and Margaret Fisher.

The Journal Chairmen are Mrs. Frank A. Wheeler and Miss Carmelita Rourke.

Mrs. C. P. Wiand (Katherine Wright) has removed permanently to Los Angeles.

Mrs. Fickel (Bernice Logan) of Denver visited relatives and friends in Kansas City during the holidays.

Class '21 Academy

Miss Persis Hunt is attending Stout Institute in Menomonie, Wisconsin.

Miss Elizabeth Burnett is assisting her father in business.

Miss Pauline Ohmer is attending the University of Kansas in Lawrence, Kansas.

Misses Florence Muehlbach and Myrna Pilley are attending St. Teresa Junior C College. Miss Muehlbach is specializing in Music, and Miss Pilley is pursuing a general college course.

Miss Agnes McDonald is Mrs. Milard W. Brown.

Miss Grace Engleman is attending St. Marys of the Woods, Terre Haute, Ind.

Miss Elizabeth Lorimer is using her business ability in the office of Dr. H. A. Allshause.

Miss Carmelita Rourke is attending the Horner Institute of Fine Arts.

Miss Mildred Moore is attending the University of California.

Misses Josephine McCarthy, Margaret Noonan, and Claudia Rahe are at home in the Heart of America.

Miss Vernita Hackett is studying music at St. Teresa's.

Miss Muriel French is attending the University of Louisiana.

Miss Mary McLiney is attending the Jane Gates Institute of Fine Arts.

Miss Margaret Madorie is studiously pursuing courses at the Kansas City Junior College, 11th and Locust streets.

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College

Miss Thelma Hunt is teaching in Fort Smith, Arkansas.

Miss Anna Schroth is teaching in the High School in Elkhart, Kansas.

Miss Anna Stewart is attending the College of St. Catherine, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Miss Verna Heinzler is teaching in Gilliam, Missouri.

Miss Reka Murray is attending Duquesne College, Omaha, Nebraska.

Miss Isabel Goolsby is teaching in Hartford, Arkansas.

Miss Hildred Honan is teaching in the Henry C. Kumpf school, Kansas City, Missouri.

Mission Notes

What? Another meeting of the St. Teresa Mission Unit? Certainly. We still have the Crusade spirit, and this will be manifested next August when we send a delegate of our Unit to the Fourth National Crusade Convention to be held at the great Notre Dame University.

Great preparations are in progress for mission activities after Lent. Each class will do its bit toward increasing our mission fund. It has been whispered about that the College Department is planning a bazaar, while the seniors will entertain at a Bridge Party.

The St. Teresa Crusaders are keeping up the good work during the season of penance by filling mite boxes with their self denial offerings.

Music Notes

On January 30th Professor Crosse paid his second advisory visit to the Academy. He will make his last visit on Tuesday, April 10th.

On February 30th the Hilger trio, Elsa, cellist, Maria, violinist, and Greta, pianist appeared in the Academy Auditorium. These young women, trained in Prague and Vienna, displayed amazing intelligence and grasp of their music. They were assisted by Mrs. Ruth Elliott, vocalist.

Miss Marion Pinnell of the St. Teresa Music Department participated in the Junior Rally of the Missouri Federation of Music Clubs at the Horner Institute of Fine Arts, March 5th.

St. Teresa Academy presented Miss Marion Pinnell in a piano recital at the Academy, March 11th. Miss Pinnell's appearance in the first of a series of graduation recitals was well received. The program follows:

Opening Ensemble—
 Tarentella *Rubenstein*
 Marion Pinnell, Florence Muehlbach.
 Harp—
 Au Printemps *Verdalle*
 Virginia Thomasson
 Piano—
 Canzonetta *Schuetz*
 Why *Schumann*
 Witches' Dance *MacDowell*
 Reading—
 Clock Work *Tompkins*
 Margaret Fisher.
 Piano—
 Rustle of Spring *Sinding*
 Murmuring Zephyrs *Niemann*
 Polonaise *Chopin*
 Voice
 Violin
 Harp
 Ave Maria Bach-Gounod
 Nellie Widman
 Accompanists—
 Violin *Annadel Riley*
 Harp *Virginia Thomasson*
 Closing Ensemble—
 Polonaise *Mentor Crosse*
 Marion Pinnell, Florence Muehlbach
 Mabel Welsh Helen Bushman

On March 22d The St. Louis Symphony Orchestra appeared in the last of its series of concerts. Music lovers were reluctant to bid adieu to Mr. Rudolph Gans, Director, and the members of the orchestra.

St. Teresa Junior College will present Miss Helen Bushman, pianist, in a graduation recital, April 8th. The closing number will be a Concerto by Mendelssohn in which Mr. Mentor Crosse will accompany Miss Bushman at the second piano.

Art Notes

The winter work of the Art class is nearing completion, and the students are looking forward to pleasant spring days and outdoor sketching.

An exhibition of Easter cards was held just before the holidays.

The Seniors Art Trips

To supplement our course in Art Appreciation we have had three most interesting trips. The first one was to Keith's where Mr. Woods kindly showed us the various kinds of woods, and explained the different styles in furniture. Secondly we went to Peck's to see one of the Haas' finest paintings. Thirdly we visited the Dierks' Lumber Yard where we learned a world of things about woods and their many stages of preparation for use.

Expression Notes

The annual Junior play will be given in the Academy Auditorium, Sunday, April 15, at 3 p. m. "Rebecca's Triumph" is an exceedingly clever three act comedy. The tickets may be purchased from the students of the Academy.

A recital will be given by the students of the Expression and Vocal Departments, Monday, April 9, at 3 p. m.

Library Notes

A new arrival at the Index table, and a very interesting and educational one, is the International Review. The Mentor is very popular these days, the English classes enjoy the articles very much, and the History racks are well patronized by the High School and College classes.

New Books:

Horne and Austin, "The Great Events of the Great War" 6 vol.
 Pancoast, "Introduction to English Literature."
 Carpenter, "American Prose."
 Shaw, "The Art of Debate."
 Ames and Miller, "One Hundred Master Speeches."
 Burke, "Reconstruction Virtues."
 Newcomb, "Side Lights on Astronomy."
 "The Reminiscences of an Astronomer."
 "The System of the Stars."
 Leo, Brother, "St. John Baptist de la Salle."
 Ferrell, "Poems in Oil."

My Girl

Her eyes are blue as the summer sky,
 Her hair is golden, coiffured high;
 Her lips so small, demure, and sweet,
 Prove unresisting when I greet
 My girl,

Her face is wholesome, clean, and fair,
 Her color's natural, all declare;
 Her skin is clear, her lashes real,
 She has no blemish to conceal,
 My girl.

Her clothes are stylish, dainty, cute,
 She wears not socks nor flapper's boots;
 Her handclasp and her laugh are hearty,
 She is the life of every party,
 My girl.

She always tries to do just right,
 She never stays out late at night;
 She helps her mother every day,
 With smiling face and words so gay,
 My girl.

—HELEN BERGER

THE GOLDEN APPLE

(A modern version)

Mount Olympus. Juno, Minerva, and Venus, before the throne of Jupiter. As the curtain rises, voices are heard. Voices—"It's mine." "No, it's mine." "It's mine, I tell you. Didn't I catch it?" "Give it to me."

Jupiter—"Here-here-what's the matter?"

Voice—"It's mine." "No, it's mine." "No, no, it's mine."

Jupiter—"Silence! You'll drive me crazy! Never heard such a hubbub. Mars could not make a worse racket! Now, one at a time." (Turns to Juno) "Now, my dear."

Juno—"It's mine. I should have it. Am I not your wife? Am I not the Queen of the Heavens?"

Voice—"No!"

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Jupiter—"Silence. Have what? What poor mortal are you fighting over now? Why can't you leave me in peace?" (Here as they start to talk he turns hastily to Juno.) "Dear one, tell me."

Juno—"It's the Golden Apple—Can't I have it—dear?"

Jupiter—"Wait a minute! Wait! What Golden Apple? Where did it come from? How did you get it?"

Juno—"Oh! Why, the Golden Apple Discord threw into Heaven. On it is written, 'For the fairest.' See—Now, am I not the fairest?"

Minerva—"No, you don't. I am going to have that apple."

Venus—"No, no. I should have it and I will. Am I not called 'Goddess of Beauty?' I want that apple. I will have it. Mars will upset your realm if you do not give it to me."

Jupiter—"This a case beyond my wisdom. Leave me in peace! Ask the others."

Venus—"No—the others refuse to decide. You must decide."

Jupiter—"No! Go! But wait—See, there on Mt. Ida, Paris. He shall decide. Go to him. Leave me in peace. Let Juno tell him. (Poor lad.)"

Juno—"Here Paris is the Golden Apple, 'For the fairest.' You are to choose which of us is the fairest. Choose me and I will give you power and riches."

Minerva—"But I shall give you glory and wisdom, and make you renowned o'er all the world, and eventually power and riches will be yours.

Venus—"And I shall give you the most beautiful woman in the world as a wife."

Paris—"You shall draw straws, the shortest winning. Ah! Where is the most beautiful woman."

—MYRNA PILLEY.

1973 A. D.

I wander lonely through the halls of old St. Teresa's. The building is almost in ruins and has long been deserted for the beautiful new edifice, which has been erected. At the peril of my life, I ascend the stairs, not as of yore, when I used to run blithely up and skip happily down, but slowly, each step pronouncing my old age. The upper hall is barren and unfamiliar. All of the pictures (my own among them) and statues have been removed. I enter the Study Hall door. The desks have been left in their places to decay peacefully within the old building to which they have long been attached. As I slowly tread the hallowed, yet creaky floor of the Senior aisle, each desk cries out its old occupant's name, telling tales of long ago. Now I stand in front of the desk of Mary Randolphs. It longs to spread abroad her fame.

"Here sat Mary Randolph, Editor-in-chief of **The Gleam**, your school paper established in '23. It is now a monthly magazine known throughout the school world. I have had many



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A Page from the Diary of a Modern Pepys

Wednesday, March 21, 1923.

Up betimes. Much ado about hair, would not go up rightly, very unruly. Must needs run with fine speed to catch conveyance to school. A right

brave man, that conductor, though with sandy hair, the which I never did admire. Had sharp argument with that Fenning girl, a right up-standing lass I vow, but determined withal.

Lunch—a confused medley of bananas, and chocolate patties, the which, I fear, will much increase my rotundity. Repaired to studio where I labored long and hard, too.

Afternoon—made a right foolish blunder in Physics assembly for the which I was made to feel like a small green worm groveling in the dust. On homeward route, I met a young rogue, the wittiest tinker I have met in a fortnight. Dinner—aright brave meal of fish and lettuce. A hard hours study and meditation. Thence to bed.

—MARY RANDOLPH.

Wouldn't It Be a Tragedy

If the 59th Street Drug Store should suddenly burn to the ground?
If Country Club street cars would cease all operations from 8:00 to 9:30 a. m.?
If the bandannas shou'd be confiscated?
If Katherine Madorie lived and died in single blessedness?
If Marion Pinnell's permanent wave hadn't arrived just when it did?
If Mildred Dye and Helen Ree Honan, in the course of time, should miss a gym class?

Progress (?)

1919-20.

I chewed my pencil, I bit my lip,
When I in the Freshmen row did sit;
I studied late (till 12 or more)
Pondering the dry old pages o'er.

1920-21.

My second year, I was more sedate;
I studied less, nor quite so late;
Ate more candy, dreamed more dreams,
And found the world not what it seems.

1921-22.

Things more complicated still,
We so'd the eats, we paid the bill;
We gave a play, had a great deal of fun,
And got our lessons on the jump and run.

1922-23.

Now that we're Seniors, we study not at all.
We have Parliamentary law, we play Basket Ball,
However, not saying how or when,
We'd like to do it all over again.
—MARY RANDOLPH.

What We Know

The Freshman knows not but knows not that she knows not,
The Sophomore knows not but knows that she knows not,

The Junior knows but knows not that she knows,
The Senior knows and knows that she knows.

Concerning Latin

Latin to the Freshmen is still brand new,
It's not had time to make them blue;
Five chapters long of Caesar per day,
Is it really any wonder the Sophomores aren't gay?
The Juniors with their Cicero struggle,
And strive into class a poney to smuggle,
Eight hundred lines of Vergil deep,
Would certainly make the angels weep,
Ah me, Oh my, the life we lead!

—GES HOO.

Suppose

If the world were built for only one,
And that only one were you,
Wouldn't you think you were mighty big,
Or just how would it affect you?

We learn of Caesar in all our schools,
And I hope we are able to see,
That Caesar fought for many years,
Nor conquered the world, did he.
So now that the World is built for all,
Let everyone do his best,
To give a word and a smile or two,
To brighten and keep the World blest. —HELEN REE HONAN.

Mrs. Burke's Opinions on Bridge.
(With apologies to Charles Lamb)
Mrs. Burke has been a lifelong friend of mine, and I have often heard her discourse on the subject that is of greatest interest to her, bar none, Bridge. It was her opinion that Bridge should be played scientifically. In fact she and her three cronies had the game worked down to such a fine point, that one card misplayed meant the loss of the game. Bridge was not an amusement for her, but a serious business, which required study and thought, and yet she enjoyed a game of Bridge with three good players, more than anything else. She has often come home disgusted because she had been forced, by various circumstances, to play with one who did not regard the game in the same light as she.

It was her theory that if she won the prize, she might take her time in going home, and the supper prepared for a hungry family might consist of anything which could be obtained from a can. But if she did not win, she must hurry home and prepare a meal, not one like she usually prepared, for she was an excellent cook, but one somewhat better than that which comes out of a can.

I have seen her sit for an hour at a time, playing by herself, with the hands exposed. This was her method of practiceing, and she learned a new point almost daily.

I once heard her say she would not vote (for this is in the modern age of woman suffrage) for a certain candidate in the Spring election, because neither his wife nor his daughter could play Bridge. Their crime was not so much in the fact that they could not play, but in that they had attempted to play in public, and she had been obliged to play with them.

Mrs. Burke often said that she did not wish to win the prize for the mere gain that it brought, but because it showed her skill and prowess as a player, and when one knows that one has played a good game, it adds to one's pleasure in the game to be awarded the prize.

—FRANCES FENNING.

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PHOTOGRAPHER

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The Old Stone House.

The June sun beat down upon the drowsy little hamlet tucked away in a New Hampshire valley. A slight breeze stirred the leaves while the bees lazily buzzed around the fragrant honeysuckles. A motor car whirled along the curling white valley road and left a cloud of floating dust behind. Then the blessed noonday tranquility prevailed again until—

"Meow—meow—Meee-ow" broke the stillness.

"Jermia, are you twisting that cat's tail again?"

"Yes'm—I mean no'm, I'm just holding his tail and he's turnin' round."

"Well, stop it."

After a haughty flip of her curls, the twelve-year-old girl flung old Thomas into the cactus bed, from whence he fled to safety.

Jermia Stone then sat down on the piazza, stroking Rags, the Scotch terrier, with impatient thumps. She was thinking of herself and the universe in general as she gazed at the large rambling mansion across the road. It was known as the "Old Stone House," for it and the surrounding estate had been owned by some member of the Stone family since they had come north after the Civil War. It had a dilapidated and forsaken appearance and was unattended at present.

"Aunt Polly," Jermia often inquired "why don't I have some relatives too, and live in the Stone House. Anna Lodge lives in Lodge Lane, and Virginia Lewis lives in the Lewis Mansion. It seems like I haven't anything but an old cat that can't even take a joke and a dog that does nothing but follow me. Didn't I ever have any relatives?"

"Well, dear, your mother and father died when you were just a little thing, and I never heard of any more relatives except those that went down with your father's lake steamer. Mrs. Lewis said that an old grand-aunt owned the house, but she couldn't sell it, so it stands as it is. Your father owed her some money, and she got the house when he died."

"She didn't want me, did she?" Jermia continued.

"No, dear; she didn't love anything except an old cat. Well, she wasn't much of a relative, just your mother's aunt by marriage."

"So you kept me?"

"Yes. Your mother and I were childhood friends, so I took you."

Thus the conversation ended. Jermia sat drowsily brooding over her past and present, when a bright idea flashed before her. Here she was dreaming about nothing, while those large, red, juicy cherries across the way were so temptingly displaying their clusters. Why not help herself?

In ten minutes she had summoned her two companions and was boasting them upon the Stone garden wall. The trio carefully picked their steps

amid overhanging branches of the old oak by means of which they swung to the ground and then found their way to the fruit trees.

Three little girls in a cherry trees are not much interested in the outside world, but presently Rags, who always accompanied his young mistress began to bark frantically and Jermia announced:

"It's a man."

The others looked up as if a man were perched on the higher branches or falling from the skies. To their "Where?" Jermia gave the intelligent answer "Comin'," and the three promptly fell from the trees and fled with frantic screams. In her fright Jermia stumbled and fell to the ground.

The intruder approached and she turned her blue eyes to him with an aggressive stare. Each silently regarded the other the other with genuine curiosity. He was a man of about thirty, of athletic build, handsome, refined.

"He looks as if he would twist the cat's tail if he got a chance," surmised Jermia, as she observed his "twinkly" blue eyes.

Jermia scrambled to her feet, perked her saucy face in the air, and declared, "Well?"

The young man burst into hearty laughter. Teasingly he said:

"Do you like my cherries?"

She turned and fled with the intention of never eating any of the Stone cherries again.

The next day great excitement was roused in Stoneville. The "Old Stone House" had been sold and the new owner was having the whole building remodeled. Then some beautiful furniture was brought into the mansion. Jermia soon discovered to her surprise and delight that the young man with the "twinkly" blue eyes had moved in.

It was not long before Jermia lost her hatred for Mr. Forrest, and as time went on, a closer friendship seemed to grow between them. This was mainly due to the fact that he had recently had a very serious accident and his little friend came daily to visit him. Everything he owned was at her disposal, even Lady Ruff the beautiful angora cat. In return

for the gifts he showered upon Jermia, Polly often sent little, appetizing dishes to the lonely man "across the way."

One day, Jermia breathlessly announced to her aunt that the man in the "Stone House" was able to sit up and even to take a few steps. Wouldn't Aunt Polly please come to see him. He had so often spoken of her and was anxious to have her visit him. Tomorrow was Wednesday. Why not go tomorrow?

Her aunt at last consented, and that night Jermia could not sleep, for joy. At last the hour came, and at three o'clock, the happy child lead her aunt into the large living room of the mansion. "Mr. Forrest," Jermia said, "I brought my Aunt Polly—"

But she could not finish, as her aunt's face turned a grayish white.

"Jack," she cried, "Jack; not you!"

"Yes,—Polly."

"And you are really alive. Thank God!"

"Jermia," she said, turning to her adopted niece. You have a relative child, your uncle, your mother's brother."

The child raised her brimming eyes to those of her uncle. "Uncle Jack my Uncle Jack," she said, as she lovingly threw her arms around his neck.

—FLORENTINE RUTKOWSKI.

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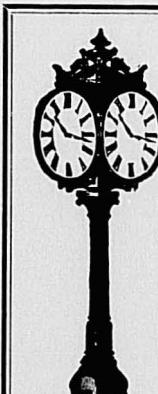
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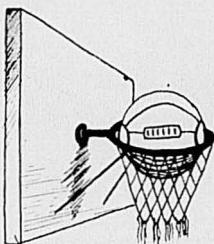
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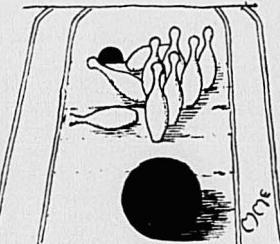
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ATHLETICS



The Basket Ball Squad '23

Here's to the Basket Ball Squad '23
The team that won many a victory
They, who could even take a defeat
If a better team they should chance
to meet,

With sportsmanship true.

There were twelve on the Squad in all
And every girl of them could play ball,
From the youngest to the tallest,
From the o'dest to the smallest,
Each one could do her share.

Parkville, Olathe, and the team called
Tigerette
Barstow's, Belton, and others they're
met.
Some were defeated with great loss
Others just because they missed one
toss

So here's to the Basket Ball
Squad '23.

—XENOPHONE XERXES.

Athletic Notes

The efforts of this year's basket ball squad not only proved successful but also were the means of arousing a greater interest in athletics in the entire student body. This was made possible only through the cooperation of Miss Miller, our coach, and the team.

A schedule of our games follows:
February 9, '23.

Windmoor vs. Olathe High on home court. Final score 22-21, a Windmoor victory. Interest was keen throughout the entire game because of the closeness of the score.

February 20, '23.

Windmoor vs. Belton High on home court. Final score 46 to 14, a Windmoor defeat. Good sportsmanship was displayed and our defeat was an incentive to improve before the return game.

February 23, '23.

Windmoor vs. Parkville on the latter's court. Final score 45 to 8, a Windmoor victory. Although our opponents were badly defeated they gave us a friendly farewell. The team was most graciously entertained by Mrs. Ben Brown, the charming mother of one of our most charming students. All reported an exceptionally good time.

February 28, '23.

Windmoor vs. Belton on the Belton court. Final score 45 to 11, a Windmoor defeat. Here again we lost but with grace. We are very glad to have had the opportunity of playing a team which has won successive championships.

March 2, '23.

Windmoor vs. Olathe on the latter's court. Final score 20 to 18. A Windmoor defeat. The teams were evenly matched and it was a good hard game.

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,

The saddest are these—'It might have been.'

March 12, '23.

Windmoor vs. Barstow's on Y. W. court. Final score 51 to 21. A Windmoor victory. Our opponents took their defeat like sportsmen should.

March 16, '23.

Windmoor vs. Tigeretts on neutral court. Final score 33 to 15, Windmoor victory. Good sportsmanship was shown.

March 19, '23.

Windmoor vs. Linwood Christians on a neutral court. Final score, 29 to 14, a Windmoor victory, a hard, fast game.

The team appreciates the cheers, it admires the cheer-leader, it is grateful to its coach, it is most thankful that the school stood behind it in the way it did, and here's hoping that next year, in return for all this support, we will have a long, long list of scores chalked up as Windmoor victories.

We have started baseball. We have proved on several occasions that we could play basket ball, why not baseball?? Miss Miller wants to develop a school team along this line and since she has done a great deal for us in the way of fun and sports, let's pay our debt.

Bowling

The Windmoor Bowlers are regular Coueites "they are growing better every day." The semi-finals will be rolled May 3d, and the finals May 24th.

The Hike

One rather cold Saturday morning we, the pupils of the sixth and seventh grades, accompanied by Miss Miller started on a hike to Swope Park. We finally reached a bridge under which we rested for about fifteen minutes, and then started for the Shelter House. Here we roasted wennies and marshmallows, and enjoyed them and the rest of our lunch. After lunch we went over to the Zoo, where we saw animals of every description. We started to walk home but Miss Miller decided that it was too cold so we rode back. We had a wonderful time, and we were happy because Miss Miller said that she also enjoyed it immensely.

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A Delphic Prophecy

Summer was drawing to a close. I had been sent by my father, King Croesus, to consult the Oracle at Delphia regarding a matter of war. His kingdom had been surrounded by Persian soldiers and for a week no one had been able to get through the lines, but after some trouble I managed to get through without being recognized.

I had slept very little and I was very tired but, as I drew nearer my destination the picturesque beauty of the wild, rugged region dispelled all my fears, and I was certain that the answer could not be unfavorable.

It was growing dark, so I lay down on the soft moss at the foot of a tall tree, and went to sleep. It was my first real sleep since I had started on my journey. When I awoke I could not think where I was, but, as I looked around and saw the hills about me, and the sun little by little creeping over the tops, I remembered, and I was overjoyed to think that I was near my journey's end. There was only one turn that separated me from the sight of the Oracle and I walked on eager for the end, and my answer.

As I rounded the southern slope of Mount Parnassus, the sight I beheld dazed me. I thought that I had been prepared for this but no one's description was equal to it. On the sacred mount, in its full glory, was erected a temple in honor of Apollo. As I drew close I could tell by the sparkling of the sun on the walls that it was made of the finest marble.

When I entered the temple another sight filled me with wonder, for from a deep crevice in the rock issued overpowering vapors, which I knew to be the divine breath of Apollo. Over this crevice stood a lofty tripod. The Pythoness, the priestess, ascended it to receive the exhalation. She was arrayed in the most gorgeous gown I have ever seen. I thought that I was dreaming, when suddenly I was informed that it was my turn to consult the oracle.

I grew very nervous as I approached her but I was not allowed to go very near for fear of the vapor overcoming me. One of the poets, whose duty it is to record the answers of the Pythoness, approached me and I gave him my question. He carried it to Pytho. Then the vapors became more intense, and after a time she began to mutter. I could not make out what she was saying but evidently the priest did for, as soon as she finished he brought me my answer:

"If Croesus measures of war doth employ,

A mighty empire he will destroy."

My hearty leaped with joy, and obedient to my father's command (the answer being favorable) I presented to each of the Delphians two gold staters apiece. In return for this the Delphians granted to my father and to all Lydians "the privilege of

precedency in consulting the oracle, exemption from all charges, the most honorable seats at the festivals, and the perpetual right of becoming at pleasure citizens of their town."

Though I longed to remain in the sacred spot, I was also most anxious to reach my beloved Lydia, and to deliver the glorious message to my father. He, too, overjoyed at the propitious reply hastily completed his preparations for a mighty war, and entered upon it with unbounded confidence.

Being resolved to propitiate Apollo by further sacrifice he offered up three thousand of every kind of sacrificial beasts. Besides this he made a high pile and placed upon it couches, which were covered with silver and gold, golden goblets, and robes of purple. All of these he burnt to secure more perfectly the favor of the god. He also issued orders for all Lydians to offer sacrifices according to their means.

Oh, Blindness! Blindness! A few months later my brave father, and I, and our beloved Lydia were completely conquered by the Persians. But the oracle was vindicated for the mighty empire which my father had destroyed was his own.

MARGARET PINNELL.

Extracts from the Freshmen's Constitution and By-Laws

No member of the Freshman Class shall be under four or over forty years of age.

Variety is the spice of life, therefore no Freshman shall wear Green.

The treasurer shall not compute her accounts algebraically.

No Freshman shall speak Latin and English at the same time.

The Freshmen colors shall float from the highest point on the campus.

Copies of the Class Yell, Class Song, and Constitution shall be preserved in the archives and placed in the cornerstone of the succeeding new buildings; also posted on the gateways at the three entrances.

A fine of twenty-five cents shall be imposed on any Freshman using paint or wearing ear rings.

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